THE

Eighth and Ninth EPISTLES

Of the First BOOK of

HORACE

IMITATED.

(Price One Shilling.)

1601/393.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15 FEB 72

THE
EIGHTH EPISTLE
Of the First BOOK of
HORACE
IMITATED.

By GEORGE OGLE, *Esq;*

LONDON:
Printed for R. DODSLEY, at *Tully*'s Head, *Pall-Mall.*

FEB
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22

THE EIGHTH EPISTLE

OF THE FIFTH BOOK OF

HORACE

IMITATED

BY GEORGE OGLE, ESQ.

THE EIGHTH EPISTLE OF THE First Book of *HORACE* Imitated.

TO *CELSUS.*

MUSE, [3] thrice invok'd, to CELSUS [1] ſpeed the Verſe,
Third of the Corps [5] that bows the Sword to PIERCE.
May Pleaſure [2] and Succeſs his Courſe attend;
All, that in Love He ſent, [4] in Love I ſend.
Demand He, [6] how or where [7] I ſpend my Time?
Buſied with Men, or Books? In Proſe, or Rhyme?
Say, [9] threat'ning high from Earth to raiſe my Wings,
In pleaſing Search [8] of profitable Things;
Yet tardy to purſue the promis'd Flight,
And living, [10] nor agreeable, nor right.

Not,

Not, [11] that the Frowns of Fortune give me Pain,
Tho' Men of Wordly View may think I feign:
What They her Cruelties, her Sports I call,
Prepar'd, for What befell, or may befall.
Not, [12] that the Wintry Waves o'erflow my Mounds,
And waſh to barren Sands my fruitful Grounds;
Not, that my Sheep in [15] Foreign Fields decreaſe,
While ſcarce [16] the tainted Flock ſupplies a Fleece;
Not, [14] that ev'n This the Hand of Pow'r impairs,
BRITTANIA waſting what Contagion ſpares;
Not, that the IRISH Swain retards his Rent,
Or that the Sun has [13] ſcorch'd my Hops in KENT.

EPISTOLA VIII.

Ad *CELSUM ALBINOVANUM*

Se neque corpore neque animo (minus autem animo quam corpore) valere, Celſo ſecundam fortunam modeſtè, ut inſecundam fortiter ferendam.

CELSO [1]
——— *gaudere et bene rem gerere* [2]
——————————— *Albinovano,*
Muſa rogata, [3]
——————— *refer,* [4]
——————————— *comiti ſcribæq; Neronis.* [5]
Si quæret, [6]
——————— *quid agam;* [7]
——————————————— *dic, multa ac pulchra* [8]

To

To ſicken at the Loſs, my Heart diſdains,
While yet a neat Sufficiency remains.
No! 'Tis not This, that cauſes my Diſtreſs;
More cou'd I ſpend? Yet cou'd I live on Leſs.
'Tis, [17] that an Ill I feel, nor know the Name,
My Soul that burthens, and unnerves my Frame;
'Tis, that no Bliſs ſincere in Life I find,
Leſs indiſpos'd of Body [18] than of Mind.
'Tis, that no Cure [19] I ſeek, no Council [20] hear,
At once, as obſtinate of Taſte as Ear.
'Tis, that on What muſt hurt, [29] perverſe I run,
And, cautious, [30] What I know muſt profit, ſhun.
'Tis, that my [22] beſt Phyſicians [24] but diſpleaſe,
They, that wou'd eaſe, [21] or that I think cou'd eaſe;

——————————————— *minantem,* 9
Vivere nec rectè, nec ſuaviter; 10
——————————————— *haud quia* 11
——————————————— *grando*
Contuderit vites 12
——————— *oleamve momorderit æſtus;* 13
Nec quia 14
——————— *longinquis* 15
——————————————— *armentum ægrotat in arvis:* 16
Sed quia 17
——————— *mente minùs validus quàm corpore toto,* 18
Nil audire velim, 19
——————————— *nil diſcere,* 20
——————————————— *quod levet ægrum.* 21

Alike,

Alike, diſguſt [26] my Philoſophic Friends,
HOLLINS [25] inrages, SHAFTSBURY [23] offends;
Becauſe this [27] Sleep of Death they wou'd controul,
This Sloth of Limb, [28] and Lethargy of Soul.
Tis, that leſs ſteady [32] than the varying Fane,
That turns to ev'ry Blaſt, and turns again;
At LONDON, [31] woody SANDLYN fills my Sight,
Her Hill, I hold, the true PARNASSIAN Hight;
At SANDLYN, [33] poliſh'd LONDON hits my Taſte,
I hold the Muſe, in Solitude miſplac'd.
Thus to our Friend. [34] Expoſe without Diſguiſe
This Vice, and praiſe his Virtue, if He flies.
Then of his Health, [35] and of his Life inquire;
To What, ſubmit his Views, [36] to What aſpire?

Fidis 22
——— *offendar* 23
——————— *medicis*, 24
————————— *iraſcar* 25
————————————— *amicis*, 26
Cur me funeſto properent arcere 27
————————— *veterno*. 28
Quæ nocuere ſequar, 29
——————— *fugiam quæ profore credam*. 30
Romæ Tibur amem, 31
——————— *ventoſus*, 32
————————————— *Tibure Romam*. 33
Poſt hæc, 34
——— *ut valeat*; 35

Ask,

Ask, ruling Others, [37] how Himſelf He rules;
(Laws ill-obſerv'd in Military Schools!)
From Thoſe above, [38] how bears He the Command;
How gives to Thoſe that yet below [40] Him ſtand?
If by his Friends, [39] if by his Foes allow'd,
In Wealth more Liberal, and in Pow'r leſs Proud?
Shou'd [41] He reply? "That all goes [42] ſmooth and round."
Tell Him, [43] my Heart feels Tranſport at the Sound.
Then mind [46] to drop this [44] Precept in his Ear;
Inſtill [45] it, Word by Word, that he may hear.
Within our Pow'r it lies, whate'er our Fate,
To gain the Love of Others, or the Hate.
For all the World, or all that We ſhould prize,
The Brave, the Good, the Generous, and the Wiſe,

——————————— *quo pacto* 36
——————————————— *rem gerat, et ſe;*
Ut placeat juveni, 38
——————————— *percunctare,* 39
——————————————— *utque cohorti.* 40
Si dicet, 41
——————— *rectè:* 42
——————————— *primùm gaudere;* 43
——————————————— *ſubinde*
Præceptum auriculis 44
——————————— *hoc inſtillare* 45
——————————————— *memento;* 46
Ut tu fortunam, ſic nos te, Celſe, feremus. 47

Will

Will ſcorn to rob the Modeſt of his Fame,
Or ſound the Praiſe the Confident may claim,
But ſharply cenſure, or humanely ſpare,
And bear Us, juſt, [47] as We, our Fortune, bear.

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BRITISH MUSEUM 15 FEB 12

THE
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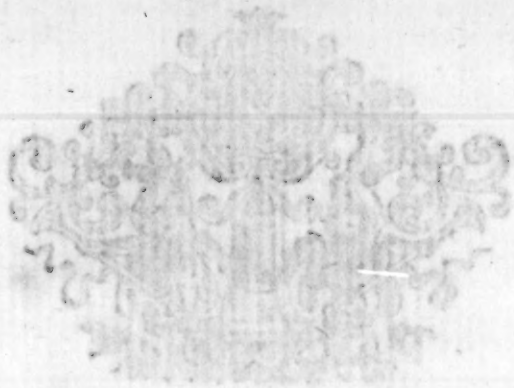

THE

PRINCE

OF THE

MACHIAVELIAN

POLITICIAN.

THE
NINTH EPISTLE
OF THE
First Book of *HORACE* Imitated.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

EDWARD WALPOLE, Eſq;

CANDLER [1] has found, (and, doubtleſs, [3] He alone)
How much You value Me, [4] how long have known!
Hence, when He prays, [5] He forces Me, to write,
And try [7] to place Him in your Truſt and Sight.
For ſo He prays, by all the Ties of Youth,
He forces Me to add, [6] and add with Truth;
'That He is One, whom, try'd, You muſt approve,
'Hold worthy [8] your Eſteem, if not your Love;
'The Kind of Man to ſuit You and attend:'
For 'tis the Man of Merit You befriend.

But

But when He holds it, as a Point moſt clear,
That I, the firſt in Grace, [11] poſſeſs your Ear;
And that the Influence [10] of a ſingle Line,
From Me to You, wou'd crown his whole Deſign:
How much below the Value muſt He rate
Your Judgment, my Repute [12] above the Weight?
But This, (ſo ſtrong his Faith!) He ſees, [13] and knows,
Better [14] than I. 'Tis Folly to oppoſe.
Sure of his Project, till the Glaſs be flown,
The Chymiſt ſchemes his Philoſophic Stone.
His fond [15] Credulity to diſabuſe
What urg'd I not? But Nothing [16] to excuſe.
Our Friends too thought, [19] and think it to this Hour,
My Will, to ſerve Him, weaker than my Pow'r.

EPISTOLA IX.

Ad *CLAUDIUM TIBERIUM NERONEM.*

Septimium ei commendat.

Septimius, [1]
——— *Claudi,* [2]
——— *nimirum intelligit unus,* 3
Quanti me facias. 4
——— *Nam quum rogat, ac prece cogit,* 5
Scilicet, 6
——— *ut tibi ſe laudare & tradere coner,* 7
Dignum mente domoque 8
——— *legentis honeſta Neronis;* 9
Munere quum fungi 10
——— *proprioris cenſet amici,* [11]

A ſelfiſh

A ſelfiſh Wretch, that plans a ſeparate Scheme,
(What, tho' I ſcorn to be, [17] I fear to ſeem!)
That feigns, [18] his Foes are many, Friends but few,
Yet holds ſome profitable Place in View!
That ſaves his [20] Int'reſt, leaſt it ſhould be blown,
In no Man's Service hearty, [21] but his own!
WALPOLE, [2] for This improperly [22] I preſs;
To ſcape a greater Scandal [23] ſeek a leſs.
Such as I am, determin'd to appear,
To You impertinent, to Him ſincere.
Prepar'd your full Refuſal to ſupport
With Face as ſteady, [24] as if train'd at Court.
Where, daily the Repuls'd renews his Claim,
He that has Worth! And He that has no Shame!

Quid poſſim [12]
——————— *videt ac novit* [13]
——————————— *me valdius ipſo.* [14]
Multa quidem dixi, [15]
——————— *cur excuſatus abirem:* [16]
Sed timui, [17]
——————— *mea ne finxiſſe minora,* [18]
——————————— *putarer,* [19]
Diſſimulator opis propriæ [20]
——————————— *mihi commodus uni.* [21]
Sic ego, [22]
——————— *majoris fugiens opprobria culpæ,* [23]
Frontis ad urbanæ deſcendi præmia. [24]
——————————— *Quod ſi* [25]
Depoſitum laudas ob amici juſſa pudorem; [26]
Scribe tui gregis hunc, [27]
——————————— *& fortem crede bonumque.* [28]

Alike

Alike ſolicitous for Poſt or Place,
From Right of Service, or from Want of Grace!
But if You [25] cou'd excuſe, tho' not commend,
All Modeſty [26] thrown off to pleaſe a Friend;
High in the Roll of Chaplains [27] write his Name:
An eaſy Competence is all his Aim.
A Layman, He was Honeſt, [28] and was Brave;
The Church-man neither ſeeks to waſte, nor ſave.
To call Him, Learn'd as Modeſt, is the Leſt;
The Man has Nothing in Him of the Prieſt.

FINIS.

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